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ANTEDILUVIAN CIVILIZATION.

We know but little of the Antediluvians. From the time that Adam walked in Paradise till the days of Noah, we have but a meagre chronicle of their actions. Did the Antediluvians attain to any high degree of civilization—thus becomes a question of lively interest. With the exception of a few indications to be had from the sacred record, History is almost entirely silent here: we are thus mostly left to the guidance of Reason, and, as it would at first seem, with very little tangible for her to lay hold on. The difficulty of pursuit, however, detracts nothing from the pleasures of the chase. First then let us bring into focus the few rays of light shed upon this subject from the bright page of Inspired History. The first mention made of Cain after his banishment from Eden, is that upon the birth of a son, he founded the first city, and gave rise to the similar practice of most civilized nations, by calling it by his name. We learn, moreover, that when the sons of God went in unto the fair daughters of men, they bore them children, *all* of whom became “mighty men; men of renown.” These were men of more than mere physical prowess; for we read of a great farmer, the father of all who dwell in tents; of a wondrous musician, even “the father of all such as handle the harp and organ;”

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and of the master-artizan—"the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." The first poem, we would add, on the record of Ages is that of Lamech, which was an Antediluvian production. We know, moreover, that the Antediluvians derived from our great progenitor, at least *one* of the main bonds which hold society together—the institution of Marriage. This was continued, as we learn from their recorded genealogies, from generation to generation—and we may safely say, to the days of Noah. By this we do not mean to say that marriage was always kept pure and holy, as in our own favoured land at the present time—but that its efficacy was *generally* acknowledged, and that in the families of some, even through generations, its native lustre was preserved bright and spotless as at first. But it may be urged in contradiction of this inference that the whole world was in the days previous to the deluge plunged—deep-sunken in debauchery of the darkest die; and that the supposition of marriage in such a state of things is to say the least, highly improbable. But this *a priori* argument may be refuted by others of the same class; in other words the probability adduced may be overbalanced by stronger probabilities to the contrary. The fact supposed improbable, is fully accounted for upon the supposition of a high degree of civilization being theirs. And the higher this their civilization, the more highly would they prize, the more sedulously would they foster as guardian of their life and union—the institution of Marriage. But, a bare, dry *fact*, will often scatter to the winds a mighty array of arguments. Now, among other things, it is related of them by Matthew, that the Antediluvians were "*marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark.*" Besides, it must be taken into account that the world had now reached that pitch of wickedness, when the flood became necessary to sweep them off. If then, as has been proved, the rite of marriage existed, in some form or other, to that wicked day in which Noah entered the ark—in what higher measure must it not have flourished at any previous time, and *a fortiori*—in those palmiest days of all, when the descendants of Adam had but a little fallen from their pristine excellence?

What mighty influence must it not have had upon the minds of men, when in all their wanderings from the right way, in their gradual fall to all the depths of depravity to which they eventually sunk, this they ever clung to, and retained to the last. Their regard for this, an institution of civilization, in their lowest pit of degradation—as far as law, order, or morality is concerned, goes far towards establishing an *Antecedent Probability* in favour of their civilization *then*—but much more in former time, and most of all in the days of their highest intellectual and moral prosperity. Thus having paved our way, and somewhat prepared for the result of our investigations, let us return to the chronicle. We find that the average age of mankind in those Antediluvian days was over 900 years, *all*, with but two exceptions, living to complete their ninth century, Enoch not being taken into the calculation; and that Methuselah, the patriarch of the world was on earth *nine hundred and sixty-nine years*; “and he died.” Allow the imagination to dwell for a moment on these simple facts. Can we conceive of the experience of the centenarian as but the incident of Prattling childhood, as indeed it was, in comparison with that of the hoary patriarch of almost a *thousand*! Is it not absolutely awful to think to what an extent the knowledge of these grey-beards may have been pushed? If man’s knowledge increased then, in proportion to his years as it does now,—as there is no reason to doubt was the case—its grasp must have been all but inconceivable. Consider in what an enormous ratio their powers must have developed with their lives! “Truly,” we may say in regard of the intellectual as well as of the physical nature—“there were giants in those days.” Think you such men as these would be laggards in the march of civilization—they too whose years and capabilities were so admirably adapted to their enjoyment of its highest influences? The ruthless hand of Time which dashes all *our* prospects, and embitters our every cup of happiness; that mantle which falls on all our undertakings “like an untimely frost,” how little effect could these have had upon their projects? Indeed father Time may be considered as having treated them in a very *brotherly* way—if we may be allowed the expression.

We are the workmen of an hour ; they had whole days at their command. Haste and hurry are the characteristics of our reflection ; the flight of time was seldom or never a subject of their thoughts. But every tendency to sloth must have been corrected by the ever increasing grandeur which must have filled their souls, and characterized their conceptions ; while calm, though lofty Deliberation takes the place of foolish Haste. The high road to Discovery, and Invention must thus have been plain before them ; Philosophy must have culminated, and the Arts and Sciences have been unlocked for their *patient* inspection. Who can speak of the glory of their cities, who tell of the prowess of their armies, or the extent of their commerce ? Who dare say but that the extent of their *wisdom* may have rendered them capable of greater iniquities than the imagination of man can now well conceive ; and that this was among the means of making them so obnoxious in the sight of heaven ? Noah himself was nearly a thousand years old when he died ; and is the only one of the Antediluvians of whom we have any very detailed account. The case of Noah has been purposely excluded from our main argument as by no means a fair sample ; since as Noah was the only good man on earth, and highly favored as the progenitor of all future generations, we could hardly have believed otherwise, than that he and his immediate family were *privileged* with a high degree of civilization. But this apart :—from the general mode of life in his family, we may draw a fair inference as to the general mode of life around him. If in the one we see the *outward* effects of Civilization in his walk and daily intercourse among his neighbors, we have some reason to look for a similar state of things in the case of the others. The tone and tenor of the history lead us to believe that the outward forms of Noah's Civilization were not at all inconsistent with the general habits of men at the time. We read of no surprise being expressed or felt in regard to the *manner* of Noah's dealings with them. But it may be answered that matter of so light importance would have hardly been recorded ; which brings us to another weighty argument in the same train. What was the most wonderful work that Noah ac-

complished? Of course the preparation and building of the ark. And it would be a wonder in any age. Independent, altogether, of the consideration of its Almighty designer—its proportions and mechanism so far as known, have been established in modern times upon philosophical principles, as well as proved by actual experiment to be those best adapted of any yet discovered for the very purposes these had in view. Now could men, think you, in *modern* times look on unmoved upon one of the grandest productions of Art, especially when the interest is enhanced by perfect novelty, both in regard to the thing made and the artificer? Certainly not; nor was human nature so different in those days, for the axiom informs us that it is fundamentally the same in all ages of the world. But not only is *not preserved* a single instance even of curiosity on the part of the work, but we are positively and explicitly told that they were in the very midst of their dearest pleasures and pursuits at the time, and so wholly engrossed in them as to be utterly regardless of all Noah's operations as of his preaching. But again, suppose that in our day, some invention or great work is brought to light, altogether accordant with the spirit of the age—when former attempts—and similar inventions—(going to form the chain of which this is but the last link,) have dulled the freshness of its novelty; though high admiration may swell the breasts of sages, the mass of the people are not moved by any great feeling of wonder. Just so in regard to the Antediluvians; upon the supposition that the spirit of *Civilization* was the spirit of the *Age*, this absence of wonder on the part of the people, is amply accounted for, and in no other way. For the idea of their natural stupidity is preposterous, on a moment's thought. The only other alternative is that they were given up by heaven to delusion; that their destruction having been determined on, their faculties were suddenly rendered torpid, or they were allowed completely to debauch themselves to the end that they should not scrutinize the mission of Noah. There might have been some show of reason in this supposition, had it not been contradictory to fact. The former part of this essay goes for worse than nought, if it did not satisfactorily show

them to have been at least equal to the generality of men in other ages in point of average keenness of intellectual perception, even at the very juncture in question ; and the text adduced to prove their marriages and intermarriages, certainly proves that their debauchery could not have been as complete as supposed ; for how then could they have taken such interest in their weddings as to have carried them on to the very last day Noah was among them ? Besides is it not reasonable to suppose that this interest was kept up and heightened *in spite* of their profligacy, by concomitant pomp and ceremony ? But if their debauchery had been so excessive as to have interfered with their observation of Noah's great ark—how could they have had the attention and sobriety necessary to such pomp and ceremony ? We were then true in saying that this absence of wonder on the part of the Antediluvians, is only to be accounted for on the supposition of their Civilization. Is not our *Antecedent probability* fully complete ? Could anything further be demanded to its full establishment and confirmation ? If so—add to what has been said, that the *language* of the Antediluvians was one and the same. And of this there can be not the shadow of a doubt. For suppose for an instant the contrary. How manifestly and exceedingly improbable, that their languages, at first diverse, were afterwards fused into one, only to be finally confused at Babel. Besides it should be borne in mind that the confusion of tongues was a great *curse* ; and that unless it received this curse, the language of Adam and the Babelites was that of the Antediluvians. Now considering language, not as a mere inactive medium, but as a live and vigorous thing, putting forth arms for itself, and grasping at the indefinite and unknown, how mighty an agent does it become ? But how much more powerful is this engine when all it's parts are complete and united—not a clash, not a jar ? Considering language, then, as a means of civilization—as history and reason prove that it is ;—the Antediluvians were, in this respect, in more favorable circumstances, and under a more powerful influence towards Civilization than man at any subsequent period of time. The common language of the Babelites was the prime agent of *their* da-

ring ingenuity, and the parent—humanly speaking—of their unparalleled success. This we plainly enough infer from the fact that the Confusion of Tongues utterly, instantaneously demolished their gigantic scheme, and put a sudden and complete end to all their operations. Who can say to what a height the genius of Civilization may not have exalted them, if heaven had seen fit to have preserved to them their noble language one and whole; especially when it is remembered that this was divinely breathed upon the lips of Adam. And in precisely the same condition with the Babelites were the Antediluvians in regard to language, as has been proved above. Let us now very briefly recapitulate. We have drawn an argument from the character of Noah's walk and intercourse among the Antediluvians, and from the absence of wonder expressed at the ark; from their unexampled age, and from the unity of their language. We moreover proved directly from the sacred page, that the Antediluvians were blessed with at least one of the essential institutions of Civilization, the institution of marriage. We have thus established an *Antecedent Probability* all powerful as an argument, be there no impediment in way of the conclusion. Again, we proved directly from the chronicle that the Antediluvians were skilled in the *Arts* of civilized life; instancing the attested cases of the Farmer, and the Artizan as examples of the Useful Arts, and the Architect, the Musician and the Poet of the Fine Arts. Hence we draw the argument from *Example* which sweeps away all impediments. Our argument is therefore wholly and inevitably conclusive. And that conclusion is, that the Antediluvians at least for the greater part of the sixteen centuries in which they flourished enjoyed the full sunlight of human Civilization.

Γ.

THE SENIOR'S SERENADE.

I love the sighing of the breeze
 When walking 'midst the forest trees ;
 As angels' wings it seems to me,
 Whose rustling speaks of purity,
 Indeed, it does !

A nightingale's sweet-rolling song,
 The music of a dinner-gong,
 The softest sighs of a Roman maid,
 The luxury of ginger-bread
 Is what I love !

I love the glowing of the sun,
 As, sinking to its western home,
 Its gentle golden gleamings fall
 On pillar, monument and wall.
 Oh ! Yes I do.

And when the summer zephyrs blow,
 When flowers in their beauty grow,
 To smell the fragrance of a rose,
 And then, oh ! then, to blow my nose !
 Is what I love !

I love the wind's most dismal moan,
 The dashing of wild ocean's foam ;
 I love the vivid lightning-flash,
 And thunder's fury-kindled crash !
 I really do !

Italian scenes do doubtless charm,
 And brandy-punch may keep one warm ;
 But the scene that charms my gizzard most,
 Lies spread within my Shanghai roost !
 Oh ! Yes, it does !

Love has a beauty to my eye,
 Because its birth was in the sky ;
 And angels, as they sing above,
 Bid us to imitate their love,
 So they do !

Love is a coronal of pearls,
 Thrown round the brows of pretty girls ;
 Time's hour-glass reflects their light,
 As Luna does old Sol's at night,
 It does, indeed !

Oh ! I've been roaming like the bee,
I'm weary of my liberty ;
Give me a cell in Cupid's jail,
Oh ! thither ride me on a rail,
I pray thee, lady, do !

WILL WHISTLE.

IAGO.

There are some characters which have in them more of heaven than of earth, which seem as though some wanderers from the angelic host had strayed to this our humble globe. There are others more devilish than human, which seem as though some unclean spirit had driven the soul from its proper tenement and now reigns with undisputed authority. Such is the character of that fiendish man, Iago. The depths of depravity into which this wretch had plunged beggars description. He needs but to speak and he is hated. Instinct points him out as a man to be shunned, yet his cunning over-rules this instinctive dread, and, Siren-like, lulls his victim into a treacherous security. Possessed of talents far beyond the reach of his fellows, he is the master-spirit of all evil designs. He is the source from which every infernal plot emanates. From him they derive their birth, their nourishment and their consummation. He does nothing but for himself,—his own interests are his only thoughts. To him, self is “the be-all and the end-all here.” He knows no other motive, or, if he does, it is but some mere grovelling desire for revenge, money or lust. Passion, fiery as Achilles avenging the slain Patroclus, or, impulsive as the Queen of Gods, has not sway in his breast. His eye flashes not,—the indignant blood mounts not to his forehead,—his lips are not compressed in hot rage. However the surrounding atmosphere may be agitated—though the whirlwind sweeps over it, and all the surrounding objects are shaken and convulsed, the dark stream flows on as smoothly and silently as when the gentle

Zephyrs sighing moved but the leaves, and all Nature wore a smiling countenance.

In Iago there is none of that bursting forth of passion,—no fire, no impulse, no generous humanity to palliate his crimes. On the contrary he is phlegmatic, calculating and cold. His energy is indefatigable. His object being determined, he assiduously pursues it. He hesitates not to sacrifice both principles and friends, for what cares *he* for either? To him principles are but creatures of the imagination, and out of place in stern life. To him friendship is but an empty name, and friends but things for use. He knows not its deep sympathy, for friendship is a plant of too tender growth for such barren and uncongenial soil. He never felt that "flow of soul," which is its charm; for he is heartless. He cannot appreciate its refined delight, for he is too coarse and selfish, and therefore he underrates its value. He thinks of it only as an instrument well adapted for furthering his schemes. Under its garb he betrays his dupes to ruin, that he might rise by their fall. As birds of prey, eager to glut themselves, closely follow an invading army, so misery follows the footsteps of Iago. Wretchedness is his shadow; wherever he is, it is.

He is so accomplished a villain, that, though you feel he is a devil, he makes you act as though he were an angel. So persuasive is he, so eloquent, that he will change the fondest love into the most rankling hate. When he assails, nothing is safe. There is no crime too hideous, no villainy too black for him to attempt. He could raise a deadly feud between friends, who before were worthy to receive undying honor, like those other friends, whom faithfulness has made Fame's. He could blast the savor of the fairest flower that ever bloomed, just as its sweetness reached perfection. He could ruin plans and blight hopes, without feeling the bitter fang of Remorse gnawing his vitals.

As the Philosopher calmly applies himself to the discovery of truth, so Iago addresses himself to plan the ruin of some friend, or the rude disruption of the tenderest ties of our nature. His plans are never "sent before their time into this breathing

world, deformed, unfinished, scarce half made up." His plots are never from the "womb untimely ripp'd." He is too free from feverish excitement to be precipitate, too cool to permit the blow to be seen before felt, too calculating not to know the bold game he plays,—not to know that it either "makes us, or mars us." His hatred is silent—hidden as the volcanic fires—terrible as their eruption. His cunning is boundless. He is as subtle as Mercury himself and far more unprincipled. He is a "hellish villain," "more fell than anguish, hunger or the sea." When did perverted nature form or fancy paint a greater fiend. Contemplating such a character, we are constrained with Roderigo to cry out—"O damned Iago! O inhuman dog!"

C.

MECKLENBURG DECLARATION.

The genuineness of the document commonly known as the "Mecklenburg Declaration," is a point on which the people of North Carolina are (needlessly, we think) extremely sensitive. Needlessly—because the means by which its spuriousness is established proves, beyond possiblty of doubt, that a series of resolutions indicative of great patriotism and energy, was adopted by the citizens of Mecklenburg county in the spring of 1775. It is hoped, therefore, that any attempt to show the North Carolina "Declaration" to be spurious, will not be regarded as an assault on the patriotism of those men who are said to have signed it.

The circumstances which gave rise to the agitation of this question are briefly as follows. The Raleigh Register of April 30th, 1819, published a paper left by J. McKnight Alexander, deceased, to J. McKnight, containing a series of resolutions purporting to have been adopted by the citizens of Mecklenburg county, May 20th, 1775. John Adams, noticing a copy of this publication in a Massachusetts paper, wrote to Mr. Jefferson, expressing his surprise at having never heard of these resolutions before, to which he received a reply ridiculing the idea of their genuineness.

When Mr. Jefferson's works, including this letter, were published, the Legislature of North Carolina appointed a committee who were directed, among other things, to "collate and arrange such documents as relate to the Declaration of Independence made by the patriotic men of Mecklenburg in May, 1775." This committee reported in favor of the genuineness of the resolutions published in the Raleigh Register in 1819, and appended to their report the evidence by which they were led to this conclusion. This evidence consists of the previously published document found among the papers of J. McKnitt Alexander, of depositions, letters and an extract from a manuscript memoir of Rev. Humphrey Hunter.

Now what is proposed to be shown is, that the patriotic resolutions of Mecklenburg were not passed on the 20th of May 1775, but on the 31st of May, of that year; and that they did not contain an unlimited declaration of independence, or those phrases, whose identity with certain ones in the *national* Declaration of Independence has been the subject of so much comment.

That on the 31st of May, 1775, a series of resolutions was adopted, whose framers, inasmuch as the "American colonies were declared" by Parliament, "to be in a state of actual rebellion," "conceived" "the former civil constitution of these colonies for the present wholly suspended," and hence "judged it necessary for the better preservation of good order, to form certain Rules and Regulations for the internal Government of this county, until laws should be provided for them by the Congress," which resolutions, also, contain no such phrases as those alluded to above, is easily proved from the newspapers of the day. These resolutions may be found entire in the "South Carolina Gazette and Country Journal" of June 13th, 1775,* and in the "Cape Fear Mercury;" all except the "rules and regulations" can be seen in the "New York Journal," of June 30, 1775, and in the

* While in England, Mr. Bancroft saw in the State Paper Office the identical copy of this paper which had been enclosed in a letter to Earl of Dartmouth, Secretary of State, by Gov. Wright. The resolutions have since been published in full in the Raleigh Register of Feb. 14th, 1849, and the National Whig of Feb. 23d, 1849.

"Massachusetts Spy" of July 12, 1775. The fact, therefore, that *these* resolutions were passed may be looked upon as fixed, and whatever is inconsistent with it, as false.

The next question then, is, are there two series of resolutions —that resting on the evidence adduced by the committee of the North Carolina Legislature, and that published in the newspapers of the time? The affirmative is actually held by some, but seems to be capable of easy refutation.

In the first place, the resolutions themselves afford strong evidence that there were not two sets. In general, both series are of the same nature and for the same purpose. In both, the framers are regarded as no longer under the protection of Great Britain, and to both, on that account, are appended certain by-laws and regulations for self-protection. Is it at all supposable that two sets of resolutions would be adopted by the same people with only the short space of eleven days intervening? What possible object could men have had in re-enacting laws in less than a fortnight after their first adoption?

But the improbability of there being two series of resolutions does not rest here. On the 23d of August all the delegates* from Mecklenburg county to the Provincial Congress signed the "test," "*professing their allegiance to the king.*" There is no inconsistency between such conduct and the passage of the resolutions of May 31st; for, since these resolutions were to be in force merely till the Provincial Congress should "provide otherwise," the delegates could with the utmost propriety sign such a test as should be agreed upon by that body. But if we admit the genuineness of those of May 20th, we at once charge these men with a retrogression forming a rather unsuitable subject for North Carolina boasting. If the evidence of the North Carolina Legislature were conclusive, the most eminent patriots of Mecklenburg county would stand convicted of rashly declaring themselves absolved "from all allegiance to the British Crown," and three months afterward quietly "*professing allegiance to the king.*"

* Thomas Polk, John Phifer, Waightstill Avery, Samuel Martin, James Houston and John McKnitt Alexander.

They would stand convicted of declaring that the "political bands which connected them to their Mother Country" were dissolved; of abjuring "all political connection, contract, or association, with that nation, who had wantonly trampled on their rights and liberties—and inhumanly shed the innocent blood of American patriots at Lexington;" of announcing to the world that they were a "free and independent people," who "were, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing Association;" and after all this astounding boldness making no objection whatever, even in their votes, to the resolution in which Gov. Martin's proclamation was denounced as "tending to disunite the good people of this Province, and to set up tumult and insurrections dangerous to the peace of His Majesty's Government;" and even coolly consenting to the reception, as an exponent of their principles, that address in which occurs the following language: "We again declare, and we invoke that Almighty Being who searches the recesses of the human heart, and knows our most secret intentions, that it is our most earnest wish and prayer to be restored, with the other United Colonies, to the state in which we and they were placed before the year 1763."

The resolutions of May 20th, show their framers to have been men of feeling wrought to a high pitch of excitement, which, however, cooled as suddenly as it was aroused; the resolutions of May 31, give evidence of men who, while brave and determined, were yet cool and wise. The former indicate passion, the latter courage. The patriotism, then, of the citizens of Mecklenburg, so far from supporting the claim of the resolutions of May 20th, demands the admission of their spuriousness.

Again, of the proposition that only the resolutions of May 31 are genuine, strong negative testimony is afforded by Gov. Wright in his letter to the Secretary of State, in which these resolutions were enclosed. He says: "By the enclosed paper your Lordship will see the extraordinary resolves by the people in Charlotte Town, Mecklenburg County, and I should not be surprised if the same should be done everywhere else." If the Governor wished to give the Secretary of State an idea of the "*extraordinary* resolves by the people of Mecklenburg," is it at all likely that he

would have passed by the vehement ones of May 20th, and selected those of May 31st, which were comparatively calm? If the former were genuine he must have been acquainted with them, yet he writes as though he were not aware of their existence.

But our negative testimony is not confined to Gov. Wright's letter. Not the slightest mention of the resolutions of May 20th is to be met with in any of the newspapers of the day (though those of the 31st were noticed in several) or in any other contemporaneous document.

Thus the spuriousness of those resolutions which have given rise to a yearly celebration in North Carolina has been inferred from the total silence respecting them by all the contemporaneous publications likely to contain them, from the useless repetition employed, on the hypothesis that there were two sets, and from the character of those who are said to have supported them.

Yet, after all, it may be considered to be incumbent upon us to account for the existence of the counter-evidence of the paper found in the possession of J. McKnitt Alexander, and of the surviving citizens of Mecklenburg. The paper alluded to, however, in spite of the efforts made to clothe it with the respect due to an official document, has no more weight than a mere reminiscence of by-gone days by one who engaged in the Revolutionary struggle. It was written by a private man in a private capacity, and as late, at least, as the adoption of the Constitution. Nor is it difficult to account for the testimony given to the committee of the Legislature by survivors of the Revolution. It must occur to all how easily these aged men might have forgotten the date and details of the resolutions. They might very readily remember that certain patriotic resolves were adopted in the spring of 1775, and, as those promulgated in the Raleigh Register were the only ones as yet published (for those of May 31st had not then been exhumed), they very naturally supposed these to be the genuine Mecklenburg Resolutions.

If, then, from the nature of the case, the witnesses might easily err in their testimony, if we have the strongest possible negative evidence of the non-existence of the resolutions of May 20th, if it is altogether improbable that there were two sets (and we know

that of May 31st to be genuine), and if the admission that the resolves of May 20th are genuine would detract from the patriotism of the Mecklenburg people, what verdict must we render ?

V.

GOING TO SEA.

Heave up the anchor, men, spread every stitch of sail ;
Steady your helm there,—she feels now the swelling gale,
And leaps o'er the waters blue.
Our country America ! land of the brave and free,
Sadly we'll watch for, and anxiously sigh for thee,
Sweet home of our childhood, adieu ! adieu !

It was a sad moment, that leave-taking one. For hours I had listened in breathless attention to a brother's tales of the Ocean, secretly longing to rove o'er the world and see and feel what seemed so entertaining and wonderful in the experience of others. But I was conscious that it would cause a mother's tears to flow afresh if another of her boys should be exposed to the hardships and peculiar temptations of a sailor's life. Her consent must be obtained however, and when at last I approached her with the question, 'may I go to sea ?'—the moistened eye and quivering lip, that spoke not, made me regret the words I uttered. Why did I so rudely touch that chord, so often stretched almost to breaking, in her tender bosom ? Alas ! the thoughtlessness of youth.

After much importunity and a solemn promise, that, if I returned in safety, I would go no more, it was decided that I should ship in the Bark *Acasta*, for a whaling voyage to the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans. Then followed the busy preparations, signing the articles, obtaining an outfit and calling on acquaintances, old and young. Time flew rapidly ; and the eventful hour when I must enter on a new phase of life arrived. I went to my mother's chamber—that mother who had "caught the first accents that fell from my tongue,"—who had watched and prayed over my progress from infancy to childhood, and from childhood

up, with an anxiety and a fervency which none but a mother can feel; to her I went for a parting blessing. She threw her arms about my neck, exclaiming, "God bless you my son, be a good boy, don't forget to read your Bible and say your prayers," and pressing her burning lips on my cheek, she turned away to weep. Smothering my feelings which choked utterance, I left her, stepped on board, took a last view of the village spires, and receding groves of my native land, waved one more adieu, and fancied I could catch their wafted prayers as they were borne back from the shore, and then began to realize that it was a *real event*; and not an anticipated joy, that I was afloat on the deep, deep sea.

Soon the anchor relinquished its firm hold on Yankee soil, the gallant ship spade her white wings like a bird for her long, long flight o'er the wave, and grief was forgotten in the novelty and excitement of the hour. 'Twas late in the afternoon of an exceedingly beautiful Autumn day. A fine breeze blew steadily from the North-west, and seemed to bear against the swelling canvas a flood of radiance from the glowing chariot wheels of the departing god of day. On and on we sped, until turning for a last look at home, the lighthouse-fire gleamed out from just where the sky comes down to kiss good night to the sea, and its beams dancing, flashing and flickering o'er our foaming wake, seemed to smile on our adventure. But even this emblem of light and hope became extinguished, and with it went all the romance of 'going to sea.'

Before midnight the sky became overcast, the wind freshened, the ship began to roll and strain tremendously. All hands were aroused from their slumbers, some dreamy, some drunken, to hear the incomprehensible orders, "Clew up t'p-gallant sails,—down flying-jib,—man reef-tackles,—lay aloft there and close reef the fore and main top-sails," &c., &c. But with a crew of green hands, the officers found themselves obliged to execute their own orders. Only five or six would yet dare the shrouds in a calm, much less when the elements were roaring like the shout of battle and the clash of arms. After a time the ship was brought under snug sail, and daylight found us pitching and rolling before a

westerly gale, which speedily brought on that dismal feeling, *sea-sickness*. It would be useless for me to attempt a delineation of that horrible sea-sickness, which so many before me have failed to do with any degree of justice. It is a feeling of which, one who has not experienced it, can have no conception. But when you add to it the heart-sinking feeling of home-sickness, bitter but useless self-maledictions, and the keenly felt loss of all the joyous delights of home, it transcends the power of language, to tell the sense of goneness and despair the victim feels. All these were the bitter ingredients of my cup, and never did mortal drink deeper.

The following extract from my journal serves to show my feelings at the time :

Nov. 1st, 1847. "For the last sixteen days we have had very bad weather. Many of the crew are sea-sick, and I with others, bitterly repent the day I shipped. I never realized what it was to enjoy the comforts of life, and society of friends until now, when deprived of them and forced by sheer necessity to live with a company, some of whom are of the very lowest and vilest class."

The sight of food was loathsome ; and the greasy cook with his still more greasy tub of "hash,"—the staple article for the morning meal,—was regarded with very much the same degree of complacency with which one would look on a beggar reeking in some contagious putrescence. The smell of the ship's forecastle was intolerable, and for fourteen days I ate absolutely nothing, and slept about deck generally. I was however partial to a lot of spruce pine poles that were lashed on the hen-coop, on the starboard quarter deck ; not a very soft bed for a sick person, to be sure, yet very convenient under the circumstances. Nor was the case alleviated at all by the sympathy received, such as advising a piece of raw pork and molasses as an infallible cure. Yet the longest sickness has an end, and so did mine ; but it was prolonged by the altogether superfluous prescription of an *emetic*, by the Captain, who ascribing my tardy convalescence to some insidious disease, lurking in the system, took this method to reach the root of the matter ; as though for the last two weeks there

had been the smallest chance for a particle of *bile*, or anything else to remain in my stomach. He however was excusable, for a whale-ship's medicine chest comprises little beyond Epsom Salts and Ipecac.

I survived all this, nor shall I soon forget the lessons in practical geometry learned about this time. I discovered to my satisfaction that the curved line is not always the line of beauty,—my walking was in the curve of an hyperbola as related to its asymptotes, always approaching but never reaching a straight line. I could not for the life of me erect a perpendicular on a waving base, or produce a straight line to a given point. I sat in an acute angle and slept in a parallelogram.

H.

ENERGY OF CHARACTER.

Centuries have passed since was presented to the world one of the grandest spectacles it ever has beheld. In a land where the laurel wreath entwined the harp and spear, at a place whose name is ever to be remembered by the truly brave, stood a small handful of Spartans. Before them undulating like the waves of the sea, crested by helm and plume, glittering in the sunbeams, was the immense host of Persia. In all the array of Eastern magnificence, surrounded by that awe and terror which overwhelming numbers inspire, they looked with contemptuous indifference upon the puny forces of their foes. But when the contest began, when with undaunted courage that little band met thousands and slew them before the eyes of the astonished Persian monarch, then was shown what men can do in necessity, then was shown the energy of Spartan character influenced by patriotism.

Energy is inherent power. When that power is manifested in our actions it becomes Energy of Character. All men have it to some extent, some more, some less. Of this we must be certain if we refer to our own experience. In the sunshine of prosperity, others, and even we ourselves, may doubt whether we have any,

but let dangers threaten, or duties crowd upon us, and we seem to rise above ourselves—accomplishing what we thought impossible. Then it is that our dormant powers throw off their listlessness, and are in full activity. In the midst of a revolution, at the crisis of a nation's affairs, we see heroes and patriots hurrying into the arena, and infusing into the masses of the people the same spirit that animates them. Again there is a stagnation of effort, paralysis seems to seize upon all classes. The voice of the orator becomes silent in the Senate-House, or prostituted to selfish ends; the strength of the soldiery diminishes, and the Constitution becomes one of the things that were. Thus it is when wealth and overweening power produce luxury the canker-worm of energy. But sometimes the occasion calls forth the Hampdens of a country, who by word and action show that it has not yet lost one of its noblest characteristics—vigorous action.

But we need not speak of nations. We need not roam the world over for illustrations. Let us refer to our own experience, and we will find many times in our own lives when we awoke to a more expanded conception of our duty, when the energy of our character aroused to manly efforts carried us over every obstacle. But alas! how many instances will we find, when we seemed made not to act nobly, but to gratify our animal propensities: to have the tongue but not the nature of man; to walk upon the borders of dumb and intelligent creation. But if the acts of any of us as an individual differ at different periods of life, then it is very probable that those of individuals themselves will differ. No proof of this is needed. You see one man the life of a community, another a withered limb. You will see one man of whom they say, "he has not much talent," rising to places of trust and honor—and another of whom they say "he has talent"—by a disuse of them passed by almost unnoticed. The character of the former is marked by energies in action, that of the latter by energies at rest.

It is a trite excuse when duty presents itself, to say we have no talents for such and such things. True it is that the talents of men are different, but is not our secret conviction that we too often make use of this excuse to escape what seems to us onerous? The diversity of action among men does not result so much from

an unequal distribution of intellectual powers as from the want or predominance of what we all can have—a will in calling forth our energies. All men have some abilities and therefore need but the exertion to bring them forth. The historian often records the noble actions of weak retiring woman, when some rude hand has touched her heart-springs by bringing into danger those near and dear. Going not out of but rising in her sphere, she shows what surprising effects proper influences can have even on her weak nature. True it is that such are striking examples of energetic effort which are not called for except in peculiar circumstances. But there is surely need of more powerful action than now prevails. Who of us acts to the full extent of our talents? But if certain influences do arouse men, it certainly would be a great end gained if we could have them constantly under them. Place them under the influence of ambition. Put before them prizes to win, honors to gain, the artificial stimulants of mankind. While the spell lasts, while they are successful such may avail. But let others obtain that to which they aspire, and they turn away disheartened, in most cases, unfitted for any further effort. Let it then be wealth. But wealth often takes unto itself wings. Thus we might go over the whole catalogue of such motives to earnest effort. There is a possibility, however, in every case, that misfortune or disappointment will absorb their attractive power. Men should not be seen acting as though corpses under the influence of a Galvanic Battery, and when its power is not felt, sinking back rigid and motionless! There must be the same natural vitality pervading the moral, as life pervades the physical man. That which is necessary to energetic action, is *high principles* placed before conscience as a mirror to reflect back upon the man any change, any distortion. If you look at the truly great and good, you will find them to be those who with high principles kept a constant care that conscience might be always bright to reflect more readily their faults. The consciences of most men are so covered with the dust of neglect, that looking for images of motives, and being unable to distinguish either those of good or bad ones, are satisfied with concluding that they must be good.

Surely no one will now bring up the objection that efforts too

energetic might endanger the body. Suppose it does to some extent. The body was made for the soul, not the soul for the body. Far, far better is it that the latter be worn out in the workshop of Energy, than become enfeebled in the lap of Ease, or rot in the damp vaults of Sensuality.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

Almost every locality has some tale of the past, some tradition connected with it, which it often becomes an interesting as well as profitable task to rescue from oblivion. The mountain-rock, the forest crowning the steep hill-top, the broad and deep river, the fitful stream that chafes its narrow banks, and roars over its rocky bed, may each possess some peculiar interest, because it carries us back in thought to the time when other men and other actions were passing. The grandeur and beauty of mountain passes, and heathery hill-sides of Scottish scenery are enhanced by the remembrance of the deadly feuds of hostile chiefs, the persecutions, and murders of the devout covenanters, which they have witnessed. What traveller would have visited Loch Katrine, had not a Scott collected the scattered incidents connected with it, and with his pen told a tale of such exciting interest? With what numerous traditional tales is not the traveller supplied as he visits European ruins, mountains or lakes! The scenery of our country is surrounded by many such associations, connected chiefly with that noble and impetuous race, which once inhabited these shores.

Such an interest surrounds a locality situated many miles above the head of navigation of the Delaware river. This river, receiving the contributions of two other smaller streams winds like a silver band among a chain of hills, one of which is more particularly connected with the following tale:

In the brave and warlike tribe of Delawares which neighbored this locality, lived a chieftain's daughter. The many virtues and

beauties of the maiden need not be described. Suffice it to say, that beloved by all her tribe, and sought as a companion by many a young hunter, whose lone wigwam was sadly in want of a superintendent, as a child of nature, she added to the naturally inquiring mind of the savage, sensibilities, extremely delicate, which taught her to see, like another of her race—a spirit in every flower, tree, and wind “that whispered sweet words to her.” But she had been claimed by, and granted to a youthful warrior, as much a superior among his associates, as she among her’s, and he now was probationed, as it were, and only waiting for some signal opportunity to display his powers against the foes, and show himself worthy of a chieftain’s daughter. He did not long need to await an opportunity ; he was not compelled to expect an expedition against the foes of his tribe, for the enemy was already planning an attack—was coming—was soon to be at their doors.

A small but powerful tribe deriving their origin from the Mohawks, and holding territory a distance of several days’ journey beyond the eastern side of the Delaware, had planned, and were actually putting into execution an expedition against them. As there was much danger attending the plan, and great results about to flow from it, scouts were sent out several days before, to gain all desirable information, and prepare the way for the main body following. Of these scouts one—who deserved a better errand and a better fate than befell him—was noted in his tribe for his nobility and bravery. In making his observations one day, about the tent of the Delaware chief, his eyes fell on the form of that chieftain’s daughter ; to see was to love, and the more he gazed the more the flame burned within him. As long as safety would allow, he remained there, not to make observations as a spy, but as a lover, and then returned to his retreat. While his countrymen were yet a few days’ journey from the chief’s village, he chanced to observe the maiden and her lover, heard their plighted vows, and felt the flame of jealousy rage in his breast against one, whom he now considered his mortal enemy. On the same day he met the chief’s daughter some distance from her father’s house, and though too noble to injure her, rashly detained her, until he had made known the state of his affections, and besought

her to receive him, though an enemy, since with *her*, he would ever be a friend to her father's race. As soon as set at liberty by the fettering hand of her rash lover, alarmed and insulted, the maid fled to her home, and related the occurrence, which instantly aroused the tribe to a sense of its danger. The spy, now aware that his enemies would soon be on him and his tribe, fled,—told not of his rashness, but simply said that the enemy had somehow learned of their approach, and was coming against them. Immediately preparations were made for battle, and the Mohawks were soon hastening to meet their enemies.

The evening sun was fast declining, and shed his slanting beams over forest and hill, whose shadows were darkly mirrored in the streams which coursed through the dales. The chirping sounds of nature had almost given way to "the beetle's drowsy hum;" and the evening breeze floated among the trembling leaves. More than that,—it played about swarthy cheeks and lifted the long masses of dark hair from brows which were burning with rage.

Oh ! that another and kinder zephyr had soothed the hearts, beating with anger, soon to lie cold in death !

The hostile parties soon came in sight. The battle was joined, and raged from the setting of the sun, until the moon's full beams were the only light which illumined the forest shade. The contending parties swayed to and fro as they were alternately compelled to shrink from the shower of arrows, and heavy blows of tomahawks of the other. The rivals had observed each other, and though often near, had been parted by the waves of battle. At length they met, and over the bodies of their slain companions, though wearied already, they fought with a zeal that could be sustained by hatred alone. The others, tired with the long contest, fought with less vigor, and soon ceased to gaze in wonder at the fury with which the rivals plied their blows.

But the crisis had come. The Delaware weakened by the loss of blood, was fast sinking, and his antagonist's hatchet was descending upon his head, when suddenly a female form springs between the combatants, and the blow intended for her lover sinks into the bosom of the chieftain's daughter !

The Mohawk with his hatred of his rival now turned to remorse for the act thus unintentionally committed, in horror flies, for the enemies are in pursuit, and woe to him of his tribe who falls into their hands !

The sad tragedy has one more act. The pursued fled, until his swift way was stopped by the river, here more than usually wide and deep. Not only not wishing to survive her, whom he had vainly loved, but also determined not to fall into the hands of his enemies, he leaped from the steep bank into the bosom of the stream beneath, that gliding softly along, scarcely showed a ripple in the moon's rays. The parted wave closed over his sinking form, the gurgling water told of the death struggle, the placid stream flowed on as before, and all was over.

The rock, which to him was the stepping-stone from life to death,—whether for his memory or not, bears the significant name of "*Lover's Leap*."

The forest in which the maiden and her betrothed fell—like another Thisbe and Pyramus,—is carpeted with a beautiful wild flower. For the sake of romance, we will not quarrel with the imaginative who choose to ascribe its sweetness to the warm life-tide that gushed in death from the heart of our heroine.

AMIOT.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

The last trout had been basketed, and the last shot had echoed our adieu to the pine-clad hills and sparkling stream, where we had spent so many happy hours. The tired Sun was just peeping at us from his maple couch on the big mountain that lay along the western horizon like a giant on his elbows, when a stout large farm-wagon, filled with trunks, bags, creels, guns, fishing-tackle, etc., etc., the well-known *impedimenta* of the sportsman, rattled loudly over the rough stony road, that coursed along the river bank. But what would have struck the passing eye of a stranger

in this rude turn-out was the driver, who, as he cracked his long whip about the ears of his stout mountain cobs, whistled merrily the while. He was only about six feet in his shoes, but his breadth of chest and shoulder was most astonishing. His limbs were cast in the most regular mould, and, with the broad jolly face, the short crisp, light brown hair, and the keen blue eye, would have made him an admirable model for the young Hercules of Phidias. He was attired in a suit of plain gray homespun, with an old hunter's cap on his rounded head. This was Jasper, a hunter and the son of a hunter, and tried friend of ours. By the way, for the sake of preserving the thread of the narrative, it may be as well to mention, that our old friend Decius, and he who writes, were snugly packed in behind, between a carpet-bag and a couple of kegs of soused trout, with well-worn over-coats on our backs, and rods and detonators over our knees. "Get-e—hp!"—and the good nags trot it with all desirable speed. The sun pulls the covers over his red head, and we leave the romantic flat in our rear. Before we turn, however, at the bend of the stream, we pause for a last look at the beautiful spot. The dyes of evening had crimsoned all the vale—had touched the ragged hemlock on the mountain-top—were playing upon the neat cottage and cattle grazing below the circling hills—and were dancing and skimming above the surface of the bubbling stream. And over all things, the great dome of night arched down, gray and starless as yet, save the lamp of Venus which hung solitary in her own peculiar sky. But as we looked the shades of darkness rose between us and the scene, and the stars looked out, one by one, in a way that seemed to tell us that they wished to be alone. So crack went the whip—and we rattled from the view. Be so kind, dear reader, as to invoke your imagination again on our behalf. See us again as the dial of the heavens points to eleven. Our pace is not nearly so furious now. Our great-coat collars are up, and our pockets occupied with our respective hands. Jasper has ceased his whistling, and buttons up his bear-skin tight to his brawny throat. The stars are now in the full blaze of their nocturnal splendor, which, however, is dimmed, like the jealous eyes of rival beauties, as the Belle of the skies moves Queen-like to her zenith.

Oh, that was a grand sight to see the great red moon rise slowly behind a gigantic hemlock, whose shaggy boughs and knotty trunk stood out sharp and distinct upon the mellowed sky, looking for the moment as if Midas had touched it! There were floating snow-like clouds at first which sailed upon the deep—deep blue; but the keen night wind disperses them. And the same keen wind strikes our cheeks, and lifts the horses' manes. But hark to the laughter! Well may the chained dog at the mill bay at us as we bounce along. The crackling of winter's sticks portends a hearty blaze; and so our cachinnation points to fun and frolic. Jasper is at one of his long yarns, which are always of the *tallest* kind. We had gradually launched upon the sea of story-telling, and by this time had roared at many a good one. But wo to our poor sides, for they had felt but the first trembling of the earthquake yet! Welcome the soreness they had yet received; for the stiffness of rheumatism was to be mocked in the pains that awaited them! Jasper had waxed rich and genial in his humour, and after one or two of our best, cracked his whip, cried—"Get-e—hp!" and gave numerous other significant signs that *his* was coming, and our suffocation and strangulation near at hand.

"Well," said he, "I'll tell you a tall one I heard up in the mountains last year. A whole lot of fellows was there, they was, each one trying his best to beat the next. They were old hunters, ye see, just come home from killing of a bear. Well, as I told ye, they all got together—there was a big fire burning, and the night was the like of this—and they begin to spin their big yarns. I tell you what it is, if there wasn't a few laffin on that ockashun, there ain't no snakes, no there ain't! At last after they all got done, an old hunter who had come from the west moved up to the fire to tell his'n. He was a tall lathy kind o' lookin' fellow, ye see—as lean as a bear in December, and jes as strong. He was dressed in a hunting-shirt very much the wus for wear, had an old worn out cap on his thin head—and a stubble field of beard over his jaws" (laughs very softly, but most heartily). "He had one o' these great big Queen Anne's muskets over his hard shoulder. The gun was jes about 14 feet long—and had a kind of fashion o' holdin' fire,—it did. "Well," says he, I's been a

waitin' here some time to hear somethin' worth listenin' to, and I jes come to the conclusion how as I'd better tell it myself. You see this musket o' mine, well there ain't nothin' that can shine along side of it in *these* states. I recollect mighty well the first time I took her out. It was out in a big woods by the side of a small lake. I saw a racoon sittin' very snug up between two limbs, and thinks I, old fellow, you've got to *come*. So I ups with my gun—and *bang* she goes. Well ye see, I ain't impatient, like some folks is, and I never brings *my* gun down till I know she ain't got no more to say. So I fetched her up a little higher, and she sent day-light through a rabbit as was tryin' his best to hide his little tail in the bushes up on the slope; and I fetched her up, and fetched her up, and there was a lot o' geese a flyin' very high, sailin' like, from the Lakes; well I brought the geese. Thinks I your doin' pretty well for your old uncle to-day, and I begins to reckon it's about time to bring her down again. So I begin to bring her down; and I brought her down along side the hill over on the other side o' the little lake where a fine fat buck was bouncing over the bushes, and it put a lead pill into his *internals*. And I brought her down along the lake, and there was a swan sailin' on the beautiful sparklin' water; well sir, I fetched *him*. Well I begins to think it's about time to go and get my game. So I lays down my musket, pointing it into a snake's hole so it won't shoot nothin' wus while I'm away, and goes and picks up my coon, and pushes through the bushes and gets my rabbit, and wades round the big pond, like, and cuts up ny deer. Then I thought I'd come back through the water, and get my swan. Well you better b'lieve I did! and such a hard time wadin' I niver had before—niver! I felt as if somethin' was holdin' me down all the time. Well ye see, I had my big coat on, with pockets in it big enough to put a keg of powder in each one, but I niver thought I'd put nothin' heavy into it to-day. Well sir, when I got out I went to look for to see what was a makin' o' me so outrageous heavy, and I found I had a *half a barrel of mackerel* in one pocket, and a *half a barrel of shad* in t'other. And the ole fellow picked up his traps, and made tracks." Oh ye Ancient Hills! Did we wake you from your century sleep, and

rudely burst the marble charm that had so long held you? Truly, you would have laughed yourselves, and with no borrowed laughter, as you do now, had you but the organs kindly devoted to that benevolent purpose. Away we rattled on, shaking like jellies, and I really believe that all the woody fibre in our corporeal structure was converted into pulp. Good bye Jasper! Many be the bears that thou shalt slay, and many the good tales thou shalt tell and hear, but never shall traveller hear the match of that one Decuis and I heard in our Midnight Ride.

VENATOR.

LINES ON THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

I.

List!—'tis the sound of the courser's dread tramp;
See!—'tis the flash from the sabre's bright blade.
And why do the infantry march from the camp;
Or the rumbling of cannon the silence invade?

II.

'Tis the shrewdly planned ruse of our country's great champion,
The beginning of glorious freedom and power,
'Tis the tide in the affairs of our great Revolution,
'Tis the bright light that broke on our darksomest hour.

III.

The "Heroes of Trenton" are embarked on the stream,
Of the Delaware flooded;—with winter's deep roar,
In silence,—and guided by their camp-fires' gleam,
They gain unobserved the enemy's shore.

IV.

Cold and cheerless they land,—with just audible tread,
They pursue their rough way through the sleet and the snow;
But Washington leads them, and God's at their head,
And Right's on their side, in weal or in woe.

V.

O few are their numbers, ill-conditioned for war,
Who're to cope with a foe well munitioned and trained;
But Aplacha's fell wrongs have their heart-string rent sore,
And they rush to the conflict with bosoms inflamed.

VI.

Asleep in their tents,—unconscious of danger,
Worn out with the toils, and the cares of the day,
Relying on numbers,—to fear they are strangers—
Soundly slumbering, the Hessian and Red Britton lay.

VII.

But hark!—'tis the tread of the vanguard advancing,
And anon on the air is the clangor of arms;
Yes!—there at their head, see the “Old Grey” is prancing,
Now they're seen by the the out-posts, who sound the alarms.

VIII.

The drums beat to quarters, with their sleep-stirring rattle,
The shrill little fife echoes loudly and far.
“Rise! Warriors arise! Prepare for the battle;
Throw off heavy slumber; make ready for war!”

IX.

Then heaved the dull sands with the cannon's dread boom;
Then rang out the weikin throughout its expanse,
And 'mid rifles' bright flash, and night's darkest gloom,
The crisis is full:—“Fix bayonets, charge, advance!”

X.

Then they strove and they tugged with might and with main;
They stand bravely their ground in the hand-fight most glorious,
To surrender they hate, to retreat they disdain;
But their struggles are useless,—Aplacha's victorious!

XI.

Then peal the glad bells through our country's far borders;
Then echo the earth-born thunder afar!
The nation is rescued, confusion made order,
The die has been cast—the fates of the war.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW CATALOGUE.

It would be vain for us to expatiate on the numerous progeny lately given to the world from the press. Suffice it for us to say a few words in reference to that branch of Literature which is confined to Colleges, with peculiar notice of what immediately concerns our own Institution. Little indeed is ever published as representative of ability *from* the students of old Nassau, and, indeed, this applies as well to similar Institutions. But we take pleasure

in noting the frequent putting forth of ability *for* the students. We shall have time and limits to speak only of certain destined improvements on the old Catalogue plans of Colleges. The Catalogue has notoriously been the stumbling block of all libraries; and if of libraries, as well of the parents and guardians of libraries—*institutions of learning such as this*. The difficulty in library catalogues of any very considerable size, has been and still is, that books of all kinds and degrees of excellence, are classed together under the names of their respective authors, without any regard whatever to the relative character of their contents. But this is not all: such catalogues have hitherto been almost exclusively confined to mere names and general titles. We want a catalogue of subjects. A gentleman in eminence at the Philadelphia bar informed us only the other evening, that a person who wishes to post himself up in any given subject—not to mince matters—to “cram,” for a particular occasion, as lawyers and others sometimes find themselves constrained to do; he is launched upon a sea of names, while no such sensible index comes to his relief. There is none such. The case of *College catalogues* is somewhat analogous. Names, mere names, are crowded together alphabetically—and to a strange eye is presented a perfect Babel of alliteration. We feel a want of something more than this. “Tell us something about these resonant names!” is the exclamation of the *populus*; “what a romantic name for a residence; but pray who *is* this —, and what’s become of him?” We are now expressing the wants of many others rather than our own; nor do we undervalue our present system of nominal lists. But we look forward to a change in these things. We learn that William C. Prime, Esq., a member of the New York Bar, and a graduate of our College, is engaged in the preparation of a catalogue of the *Alumni* of Nassau Hall. The plan of the work is that which several of the eastern Colleges have adopted, and which must make one of the most interesting and important works upon the shelf of the graduate or under graduate of our Institution. As far as practicable a biographical notice will follow each name, making the work, in fact, a Biographical Dictionary. The plan will require very great labour and research, and it is hoped that Mr. Prime will receive the aid of all the friends of Princeton.

Mr. Prime is fully competent to the task he has undertaken, and has shown a commendable spirit in risking such a publication, from which he will, of course, receive no pecuniary benefit. Mr. Prime is the author of several works which have met with much favour from the public.

Contributions to Literature *from* Colleges will be briefly noticed under the head of Exchanges.

Editor's Cable.

THOSE few who can appreciate the humour of the wag in the Arabian Nights, who sups with the Barmacide on imaginary viands, untasted fruits and unreal pistachio nuts—may find his pleasure around our similarly loaded table. Others will probably regard our offering as the tribute of one who has sadly failed to solve that vexing problem:

“To give to empty nothingness, a habitation and a name.”
Like the Barmacide, we make great flourish of our

BILL OF FARE.

A sirloin of “Rare Ben Jonson!”

Some of the white meat from “the right side of a question.”

Sliced “Tongue of Time.”

Several innate ideas from the brains of a campus goose.

A plate of hot “Prayer rolls.”

A dish of beans from the North Pole.

A character at (beef) stake.

A salad of Night-shade with a thermometer in it; (thermometer at 0°, and furnished with *spirits not mercury.*)

A basket of peaches which was intended by a burglar to peach with, upon the advertisement of the \$500 reward.

A lot of “Adam’s apples,” of great size.

A dish of jelly from the “horns of a dialemma.”

A pitcher-full of the “milk of human kindness,” that has turned by thunder, to the baughnaclaughber of malignity.

A choice bottle of the “soul of wit,” evaporated during the process of corkage; we therefore fail in our expected “flow of soul.” In its place we present a famous homeopathic draught, the chief ingredient of which is the water-drop at the bottom of the “bubble Reputation;” (obtained by a soldier from a very large “cannon’s mouth.”)

And now having discussed the more substantial part of our repast—“the feast of reason” proper, let us have a little “table talk.” We are at last ensconced in the old time sanctum, where a martyr Freshman and a seasoned Soph, we rejoiced of yore in the light of brighter lamps than that which now burns for you. This is the nidus where pestled for a time, spirits bright and joyous, who rested here in their upward soars only to—“plume their wings for still loftier flights.” Are we not a very Damocles here in our chair? Does not the scorn of the greenest, most un-tutored freshman alight on us like the cormorant on the tree of knowledge, if we fail to break the

encrusted soil of his land of Nod? But above all this, the just censure of the true, though silent critic flashes before our mind's eye with more than the snake-like glitter of the hair-hung sword. Tyros! Pause in your career, refrain manfully from that wretched habit of venting miserable puns; lest suddenly you be seized all reeking in the atmosphere and odour of your bad puns and suspended from this the editorial gallows with a placard above you lettered to this effect: "Thus shall be done unto the man whom his class delighteth to honor!" Truly your editor is a saint Sebastian pinned to a stake, the target for a hundred arrows. But let us stand back from the looking glass, and turn our editorial eyes out from the sanctum. In the nervous words of Hannibal, "when we look abroad upon the state of" College society, "we behold all full of courage and strength"!! "A veteran infantry" in the Freshmen, and up in proportion. The College was in hospital most of the vacation, slowly healing from wounds of divers kinds and degrees, but all arising more or less remotely from that terrible raking fire of the Sophomores. Gray hair or childish lisp was no talisman of escape: old and young were cut down together; from the patriarch Freshman of 40, to the baby Junior of unknown days, they were cut down together. A newly entered Sophomore, who is sometimes troubled with bad dreams and makes a point of attending chapel once a week, answers to the following description of

THE DEVOUT SOPHOMORE.

The Soph that night had ate his fill
Of peaches ripe (he's got some still); (?)
And deep his midnight drink had made,
Where Gibe sticks up his wooden shade.
But when the Sun his camp-fire red
Had kindled, where he rose from bed,
This deep mouthed Sophomore's heavy snore
Resounded through the Barracks' door;
Till faint from Northern Belfry borne
Was heard the bell, the College horn.
As Freshman when he hears the call
"To arms! Snobs storm the College wall."
This verdant youth, in drawers encased,
Sprang from his feathery couch in haste.
But e're his gown, his book he took
The sweat-drops from his brow he shook;
Like sapient Senior proud and high
Tossed nose and love-locks to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the path,
A moment braved the prayer-roll-wrath,
A moment yawned upon the sill,
A momentful of morn to spill.
Then as the headmost "tute" appeared,

With one brave bound the steps he cleared,
And stretching forward to the grapple,
Sought rolls and Sopomores in the chapel.

This able production from the pen of "our own correspondent," is too long for extended remarks. He rings most harmonious "changes" net "upon Marathon or Theroplae," but upon the Lady of the Lake. We match this with a fine lyrical effusion from our celebrated friend who attaches his name to the piece.

How the heart of the conscientious "newie" will throb respondent to the first four lines. Who has not felt that same awful reverence for College Jurisprudence!

THE SENIOR'S LAMENT.

When first we came to Princeton College,
Our head was full of getting knowledge ;
We stood regardful of the laws,
And polled them over, clause by clause.

And mark the dreadful reactive force of the laws.

Nor did we go so long in vain :
For lo ! we stumbled on the passage,
" No whistling in the entries"—" Sassage"
Cried we " and Cheese," and *loudly whistled*.

Freshman ! Mark well the consequences. The first line is inimitable.

Our face grew pale, our eyeses mizzled,
Our nose curled down, our chin curled up,
Our hair erected right straight up.
Our mouth drew in and left a hollow,
Thro' which stuck the ends of our standing *callow*.

'Tis most melancholy to observe the condition of spiteful obduracy to which poor Peter is reduced. The metre excels *itself* in the last line.

Three years have passed like a machine,
Look at us now all lank and lean—
Pale is our cheek, and thin our skin,
And this is all the result of not—whistlin'.

PETER KERNIPPLE, Jr.

Peter, Peter ! You must subdue and bridle this revengeful temper of yours. We greatly fear that your failure in respect to the letter of the law has driven you in desperation to the *spirit*.

Commencement is long since confined in its grave. The "Music" of the Fantasticals sounded its requiem—while the tinkling glass at the Ball-Supper tolled the knell.

The decease of Commencement was followed immediately by the interment of Princeton, who dies periodically, in the vacation sleep of her two institutions. How sad a fate that ! To be annually buried, only to be violently

disinterred, at and for the pleasure of those grisly resurrectionists—the College and Seminary. There is no favoring Styx for for it's shade to cross and be at peace ; but 'tis doomed to roam "pathless and rayless," haunting the pleasant memories of every recreating student. Speaking of ghosts ; was ever one so dreaded by the inhabitant of "North" or "East," as the fabled appearance of the hag Dorcas at his door-sill for his cast away Cigarettes ! We know of one in particular, who dreamed of her in her rags and madness. Imagination pointed to her peering in at the ventilator. Though never seen before, her image was not to be mistaken. And oh ! how inapplicable there, would have been the couplet of Wordsworth.

" She was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight."

What so true impersonation of Hecate, as she in her Fury's garb, and lone and midnight walks ! A friend inquires, is she the original of the numerous societies bearing her enphonic name ?

Apropos of ghosts again ; the breath of life had departed from the Senior class, when the members composing it in '53 took their world-ward flight, leaving it *soulless*. But the *bodies* of the Senior class lay rigid on the College deck like the corpses in the *Ancient Mariner* ; till the immortal spirits of '54 infused themselves like celestial fire into this lifeless clay—"and it sprang upon it's feet." But how hard after all, to see any resemblance between the glorious spirits of Coleridge, and the new-born fledgling Senior ! How much more like the fuzzy—fluttering robbin of the second brood, one meet's in one's summer walks. We observe the same presumptuous lift of the head, the same ridiculous attempts at flight and song. But—no ! the likeness holds not altogether here. Reader hast thou ever heard the first aspiring crow of the juvenile rooster, or Dr. Valentine's "boy whose voice is changing" spell "*Dictionary*." Then hast thou the proper similes for that moral phenomenon (or rather phenomenon of immorality)—the incipient Senior !

The town has of late been stirred to the *core* (to use an elegant catechresis) by burglaries and rumors of burglaries, or rather—to decompose our metaplrior which is unhappily mixed—has been stirred like a a cup of tea, till the sugar of repose has left us in that respect a "Deserted Village." The watch were abroad nightly. With eminent faithfulness they watched us and our dogs. Their praiseworthy diligence and adroitness as detective police, has suggested to *oxo*, a gifted member of the — class, the following verses respectfully dictated to

THE WATCH.

1.

We were after the burglars, but nothing could we find,
But the moon in the heavens, riding on the wind,
Look'ee there !
Some said it was the moon, some said nay,

Some said it was a cheese floating in the milky way,
Look'ee there!

II.

We travelled and we travelled, but nothing could we find,
But the Seminary buildings, ghastly in the wind;
Look'ee there!

Some said it was the Seminary, some said nay,
Some said it was the ark with the deck blown away;
Look'ee there!

III.

We travelled to the belfry, but nothing could we find,
But the bell and the clapper, moaning in the wind;
Look'ee there!

Some said it was the bell, some said nay,
Some said it was a gallows, and we got out of the way;
Look'ee there!

IV.

We travelled and we travelled, but nothing could be hear
But the howling of the housedogs chained in the rear;
Look'ee there!

Some said it was the howling, some said nay,
That the burglars were a prowling; and moved the other way;
Look'ee there!

V.

We travelled and we travelled, but nothing could we find,
But a cat upon a house-top, and that we left behind;
Look'ee there!

Some thought it was a cat, some said nay,
One said it was a ghost, we wished for break of day.
Look'ee there!

VI.

We travelled and we travelled, but nothing could we find.
But a dog in the meadow, barking to the wind;
Look'ee there!

Some said it was a dog—some said nay,
One cried it was—a ROBBER!—and we all ran away.
Look'ee there!

We the other day overhead the following strange conversation between a knot of Seniors:

A. How do you *get on* B?

B. Oh pretty well so far as *extension* goes. My *porosity* (cor-porosity?) likewise flourishes, since the hot days in August. Then you know I have a good *figure* and plenty of room for *elasticity*. How do you keep up, C?

C. What a question! My *depression* is great—but my *impenetrability* exceeds bounds. Yet owing to my power of condensation, I am extremely successful in my *compressibility*.

A. My *inertia* takes up all the place allotted to *mobility*, and indeed my *somatology* generally, is in a most lamentably crude and undigested state.

The snatch of converse above recorded, is firmly believed to have had reference to a large number of quarto blank and manuscript books, and *not*, as might fairly be presumed by the uninitiated, to the health of the bodily organs.

We learn by telegraph, that the principal booksellers over the land have now in press, and soon to be given to the world under the head of *Literary and Musical*.

The "First Dandelion of Spring," by the author of the "Last Rose of Summer."

"The Seminoles," by the author of "The Collegians." *Vid. Quarterly Review* for extended criticism.

The "Dromedary Canter," by the author of the "Bedouin Gallop." "This resembles a famous passage in 'The Desert.'" *Literary World*.

A "Death-Play" by the author of a "Life Drama." The "peal of jubilation," from the English reviews is re-echoed in behalf of this poem.

"Seasonable Gambling;" being a reprint of "Game in it's Season."

"The Live Kettle," by the author of "The Dead Pan." *Vid. "Miss Mitford's Literary Recollections."*

"Cider and Cheese," by the author of "Claret and Olives."

"Memoirs of a Rag-Picker," by the author of "Reminiscences of an Attorney."

"Frolic and Tittleings," by the prolific author of "Fun and Jottings."

"Fowls and Fowling," by the author of "Fish and Fishing."

"Lettuce for the Home-sick," by the author of "Salad for the Solitary."

"Grass Blades, from Sally's Paste-boards" by the author of "Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portefolio." "One of the works of the day." *Ojibewabee News*.

And now good-bye! kind readers. As the old methodist preacher remarked in our hearing this summer, "Fithly and lastly; ultimately, and finally," good-bye!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We would here regret that owing to its having been mislaid, we are unable to present our readers with a little fragment of Poetry which would have been entitled "Love and Moonlight." The article handed in to us under the heading "Mind and Matter," was rather too general and abstract for insertion; it being proposed at the start thereof to embrace the consideration, not of their relation merely, but of all that can be said of each one independently.

Its length was commendable (36 pages) but we had already occupied that space with other matter—would that the second topic in the above title, were so constant a quantity! But never mind!

EDITOR.

EXCHANGES.

We have duly received two numbers of the Yale Literary, one number of the Stylus, and two numbers of the Georgia University Magazine. "Where," in the impressive words of a former Editor, "where are the *Randolph Macon*, and our other exchanges?" We were also highly gratified to receive the *Ladies' Christian Annual*, a magazine with which we have never before had the pleasure of exchanging.

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